Leo. No come brother,away, I wil be heard. *Exeunt amb.*
Bro. And ſhal, or ſome of vs wil ſmart for it. *Enter Ben.*
Prince See ſee,heere comes the man we went to ſeeke.
Claud. Now ſignior,what newes?
Bened. Good day my Lord:
Prince Welcome ſignior, you are almoſt come to parte almoſt a fray.
Claud. Wee had likt to haue had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.
Prince Leonato and his brother what thinkſt thou?had we fought,I doubt we ſhould haue beene too yong for them.
Bened. In a falſe quarrell there is no true valour, I came to ſeeke you both.
Claud. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke thee,for we are high proofe melancholie, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vſe thy wit?
Bened. It is in my ſcabberd, ſhal I drawe it?
Prince Doeſt thou weare thy wit by thy ſide?
Claud. Neuer any did ſo,though very many haue been beſide their wit, I will bid thee drawe,as wee doe the minſtrels, draw to pleaſure vs.
Prince As I am an honeſt man he lookes pale, art thou ſicke,or angry?
Claud. What,courage man: what though care kild a catte, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Bened. Sir, I ſhall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it againſt me, I pray you chuſe another ſubiect
Claud. Nay then giue him another ſtaffe,this laſt was broke croſſe.
Prince By this light,he chaunges more and more,I thinke he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be,he knowes how to turne his girdle.
Bened. Shall I ſpeake a word in your eare?
Claud. God bleſſe me from a challenge.
Bened. You are a villaine, I ieaſt not, I will make it good howe you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: doe mee right,or I will proteſt your cowardiſe: you haue kild a ſweete

ſweeete Lady, and her death ſhall fall heauie on you, let me heare from you.
Claud. Well I wil meet you,ſo I may haue good cheare.
Prince What,a feaſt, a feaſt?
Claud. I faith I thanke him he hath bid me to a calues head & a capon,the which if I doe not carue moſt curiouſly,ſay my kniffe's naught, ſhall I not find a woodcocke too?
Bened. Sir your wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.
Prince Ile tell thee how Beatrice praiſd thy witte the other day:I ſaid thou hadſt a fine witte, true ſaid ſhe,a fine little one: no ſaid I,a great wit: right ſaies ſhe, a great groſſe one:nay ſaid I, a good wit, iuſt ſaid ſhe,it hurts no body:nay ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe: certaine ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman:nay ſaid I,he hath the tongues:that I beleeue ſaid ſhee, for he ſwore a thing to mee on munday night,which hee forſwore on tueſday morning, theres a double tongue theirs two tongues, thus did ſhee an houre together tranſ-ſhape thy particular vertues,yet at laſt ſhe cõcluded with a ſigh,thou waſt the properſt man in Italy.
Claud. For the which ſhee wept heartily and ſaide ſhe cared not.
Prince Yea that ſhe did, but yet for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would loue him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all.
Claud. All all, and moreouer,God ſawe him when he was hid in the garden.
Prince But when ſhall we ſet the ſauage bulles hornes one the ſenſible Benedicks head?
Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, here dwells Benedick the married man.
Bened. Fare you wel, boy,you know my minde, I wil leaue you now to your goſſep-like humor,you breake ieſts as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord,for your many courtiſies I thanke you, I muſt diſcontinue your company,your brother the baſtard is fled from Meſſina: you haue among you, kild a ſweet and innocent lady:for my Lord Lacke-beard, there hee and I ſhal meet,and till then peace be with him.